# So Now Is Come Our Joyfulft Feast

An Old Chriftmas Poem by Geo. Wither

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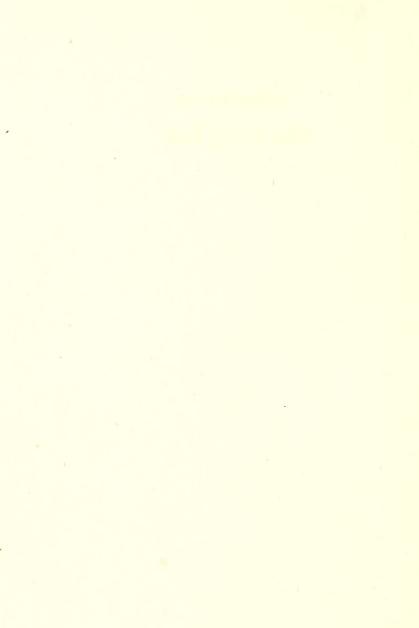




the eddy press corporation Christmas MCMXX







So Now Is Come

Our Joyfulft Feast





THE boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio
Caput apri deferro,
Reddens laudes Domino."

#### So Now Is Come

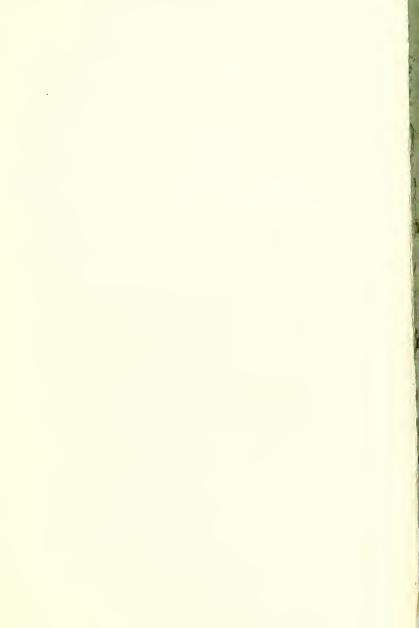
# Our Joyfulft Feast

An Old Christmas Poem by Geo.Wither



THE EDDY PRESS CORPORATION
PITTSBURGH, PA.
MCMXX







~(I)

So now is come our joyful'st seast,

Let every man be jolly;

Each room with ivy leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

Though some churls at our mirth repine,

Round your foreheads garlands twine,

And let us all be merry.

Drown forrow in a cup of wine







Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas logs are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.





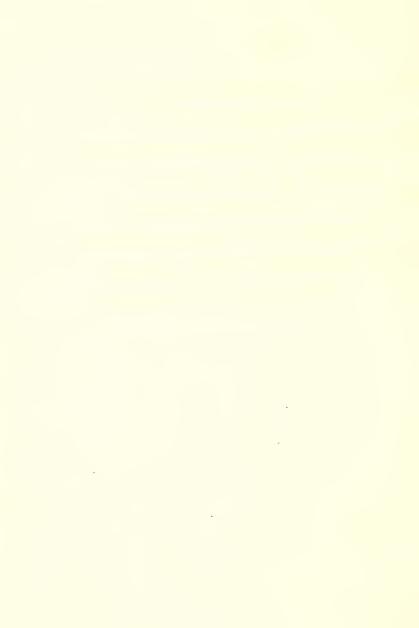


## ~{[[]]}~

Now every lad is wundrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall, by their noise,
Perceive that they are merry.







~(IV)~

Rank misers do now their sparing shun;
Their halls of music soundeth,

And dogs thence with whole shoulders run, So all things there aboundeth.

The country folks themselves advance
For fiddlers they come out of France,

And Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance And all the town be merry.





Of this book five bundred copies were printed and bound by THE EDDY PRESS CORPORATION, PITTSBURGH, PA., for Christmas, Nineteen Twenty.

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